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## THE MOUNT TABOR.

BY JOHN HAY.

On Tabor's height a glory came,  
And, shined in clouds of lambent flame,  
The awe-struck, hushed disciples saw  
Christ and the prophets of the law;  
Moses, whose grand and awful face  
Of Sinai's thunder bore the trace,  
And wise Elias, in his eyes  
The shade of Israel's prophecies.  
Food in that vast mountain light  
Than Syrian noon more purely bright,  
One on each hand—and high between  
Shone forth the godlike Nazarene.  
They bowed their heads in holy fright  
No mortal eyes could bear the sight,  
And when they looked again, behold!  
The fiery clouds had backward rolled,  
And borne aloft, in grandeur lonely,  
Nothing was left, "save Jesus only."  
Reverent type of things to be!  
We read its mystery to-day  
With clearer eyes than even they,  
The fisher saints of Galilee.  
We see the Christ stand out between  
The ancient law and faith serene,  
Spirit and letter—both are true,  
Spirit and letter both are Love.  
Led by the hand of Jacob's God  
Through wastes of Sinai's burning sod  
By which the savage world could move  
Upward through law and faith to Love.  
And there in Tabor's harmless flame  
The crowning revelation came.  
The old world knelt in homage due,  
The prophets near in homage drew,  
Law ceased its mission to fulfill  
And Love was lord of Tabor's hill.  
So now, while creeds perplex the mind  
And wranglings cloud the weary mind,  
When all the air is filled with words  
And texts that ring like clashing swords,  
Still, as for refuge, we may turn  
Where Tabor's shining glories burn—  
The soul of ancient Israel gone,  
And nothing left but Christ alone.

## MARIA SAXONBURY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "BART LYNNE," "VERNE'S PRIDE,"  
"THE MYSTERY," "THE EARLY HEIR,"  
"THE CHANGING," "A LIFE'S SECRET," &c.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MARIA SAXONBURY.

The golden light of the setting sun was falling on a golden room. It is scarcely wrong to call it such, for the color prevailing in it was of gold. Gold-colored satin curtains and cushioned chairs, gilt cornices, mirrors in gilded frames, gilded consoles whose slabs of the richest lapis lazuli glowed with costly toys, paintings in rich enclosures, and golden ornaments. Altogether the room looked a palace of gold. The large windows opened on a wide terrace, on which rose an ornamental fountain, its glittering spray dancing in the sunlight; and beyond that terrace was a fair domain, stretched out far and wide; the domain of Sir Arthur Saxony.

Striving her pretty foot to and fro, and leaning back in one of the gay chairs, was a lovely girl budding into womanhood, with bright features and a laughing eye, the youngest, the most indulged, and the vainest daughter of Sir Arthur. She was in a white lace evening dress, and wore a pearl necklace and pearl bracelets on her fair neck and arms. They had recently come home after a short London season, which had been half over when they returned from the continent, and were as yet new from visitors. Lady Saxony was a well-to-do widow, and her daughter, the eldest married daughter, was staying with them while her husband was abroad.

In a chair a little behind Miss Saxony, as if conscious of the difference between them—for there was a distance—sat Raby. It was said the house was new from visit, but the painter Coram regarded as such. Sir Arthur, in the plenitude of his heart, had invited him to come and stay a couple of months at Saxony; the country air would renovate him; he could have the run of the picture-gallery, and copy some of the *chef-d'œuvre*. And Raby, who Sir Arthur had known since a boy, and who he could only explain that his interest in Raby was but that which he would take in any rising artist. So the family, even the servants, looked on him with a patronizing eye as one who had "come to paint." Raby had accepted Sir Arthur's invitation with a glow of gratification—the far-famed Saxony gallery was anticipation enough for him. He forgot to think where the funds were to come from to make a suitable appearance as Sir Arthur Saxony's guest; but then the painter Coram delicately furnished. It is but a loan, said he: "you can repay me with the first proceeds of your pencil sketch receive."

Thus Raby went to Saxony. And there had been now for half his allotted time, drinking in the wondrous beauties of the place, and the painter Coram wondrous beauties which it had been as well that he had not drunk in. The elegance that surrounded him, and to which he had been latterly a stranger—the charms of the society he was thrown amongst once again, as an equal for the time being—the gratification of the eye and mind, and the pomp and pride of courtesy life; all this was but too congenial to the exalted taste of Raby, and he was in danger of forgetting the stern realities of life, to become lost in a false Elysium.

He was thrown much with Maria Saxony—far more than he had been before. The fault was entirely hers. A great admirer of beauty, like her father, and possessing a high reverence for genius, the exquisite face of Raby Raby attracted her admiration as it had never yet been attracted; whilst her father, who was perfectly in love for the fine arts, was perfectly in love to her own mind. His companion soon grew excessively pleasing, and she gave her days up to it without restraint, absorbed in the pleasure of the moment. Nothing more of all the people in the world, Maria Saxony, the last to think seriously of one beneath her. So, leaving consequences to take care of themselves, or be remedied by time, she dwelt only on the present. She would flit about when he was at work in the picture-gallery, she would linger by his side in the garden, one of the colored little Ashtons generally being their companion. In short, it seemed that the object of Maria's life, just now, was to be with the artist-visitor. Even this night, when her father and sister had gone out to dinner, she had excused herself; she would stay at home with her mother, she said, but Lady Saxony was in her chamber, and Maria remained in the drawing-room with Mr. Raby. It is probable that Lady Saxony, if she thought of him at all, be-

lieved him to be painting then. Was it in remembrance of some one else that Sir Arthur had named his youngest child "Maria"? But they sometimes called her by her other name, Elizabeth.

"Do you admire this picture?" she suddenly inquired, holding out one of grass-green silk, with gold beads, tassels, and slides; a marvel of prettiness. Raby rose and took it from her, and turned it about in his white and slender hands. Those remarkable hands flender to look at, elegant in structure, always restless; so strongly characteristic of genius, as well as of delicacy of constitution. "It is quite a gem," he said, in answer. "You may have it in place of your ugly one," continued Miss Saxony. "That frightful portrait-monstrous, of grim leathery, I saw you with the other day. I made this for somebody else, who does not seem in a hurry to come for it; so I will give it to you."

A rush of suspicious emotion flew to his face, and his eyes fell beneath the elegant gaze of his. "How shall I thank you?" he said. "It shall be to me an everlasting remembrance." "That's in return for the pretty sketch you gave me yesterday," she went on. "One you took at Rome, and filled in from memory."

"You mistake, Miss Saxony. I said I drew it from description. I have never been to Rome. That is a pleasure to come."

"As it is for me," observed Maria. "I was there once, when a little girl, but I remember nothing of it. A woman, half-courtesan, half-maid, who was hired to talk Italian to us, is all my recollection of the place. Last year and the year before, when we were wasting our time in Paris and at the baths of Germany, doing mamma more harm than good, I urged them to go on to Rome, but nobody listened to me. I have an idea that I shall be disappointed whenever I do go; we always are, when we expect so much."

"Always, always," murmured Raby. "I long to see some of those features I am familiar with from paintings," added Miss Saxony. "The remains of the Cassa palace—the real grand St. Peter's—the beautiful Alban Hills—and all Rome's other glories. I grow impatient sometimes and tell papa there will be nothing left for me to see; that Sallust's garden will be a heap of stinging nettles—I dare say it is nothing else; and Cecilia Metella's tomb dark, and the servants came in to light the chandeliers. Miss Saxony remembered her mother then, and rose to go to her, to see why she had not come down."

When Maria returned, the room was empty, and she stood in the bow of the window and looked out. It was the custom at Saxony House to leave the curtains of this window open on a favorable night; for the moonlight landscape outside was indeed fair to look upon. Mr. Raby was then walking on the terrace; his step was firm and self-possessed, his head was raised; it was only in the presence of his fellow-creatures that Raby Raby was a shy and awkward man. He saw her, and approached the window.

"I have been studying the Folly all this time," he said, fancying it must look like the ruined Roman temples we have been speaking of, as they must look in the light and shade of the moonlight. "Does it?" she added, laughing. "I will go and look, too."

Miss Saxony stepped on to the terrace, he said, fancying it must look like the ruined Roman temples we have been speaking of, as they must look in the light and shade of the moonlight. "Does it?" she added, laughing. "I will go and look, too."

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"I do not like the building by day," he observed; "but as it looks now, I cannot fancy anything more classically beautiful in the Eternal City, even when it was in its zenith."

"It is a lovely building," she mused. "And the landscape, as it lies around, is equally so; look at its different points showing out. You have not seen many scenes more gratifying to the imaginative eye than this, Mr. Raby."

"I shall never see a second Saxony," she said, impulsively. "Take it for all in all, I shall never see—but look at this side, he abruptly broke off, turning in the opposite direction."

"Oh, I don't care to look there. It is all dark. I only like the bright side of things."

"Has it never struck you that these two aspects, the light and the dark of a moonlight night, are a type of human fortunes? While some favored spirits bask in brightness, others must be cast and remain in the depths of shade."

"I never thought about it. My life has been all brightness." "May it ever remain so!" he whispered with a deep sigh; but Miss Saxony turned to the pleasant side again.

"What a fine painting this view would make!" she exclaimed. "I wonder papa sees it. One of your favorite scenes, Mr. Raby, all poetry and moonlight, interspersed with a dash of melancholy. Some of you artists are too fond of depicting melancholy scenes."

"We depict scenes as we find them. You know the eye sees with its own hue. There may be a gangrene over the glad smiling sun."

"Artists ought to be always glad; living as they do, amidst ideal beauties; nay, creating them."

"I think their fault lay in looking at the dark side of things, instead of the bright," laughed Maria. "Like yourself at present. You will keep turning to that gloomy point, where the scenery is all obscure, nothing bright but the great moon itself; and that shined right in your face."

"They could not look otherwise than they did," he argued, his own tone sounding melancholy enough. "Well, well, I suppose it is the fate of genius," returned Maria. "I was reading lately, in a French work, some account of the life of Leonardo da Vinci. He was not a happy man."

"He was called Da Vinci, the Ughappy. How many of his brethren might have been called so!" she said. "Where I you I should not make up my mind to be one of them; I should be the contrary," said Maria. "Papa goes a great way in this life. And so," she added, after a pause, "you think some of the queer old temples in Italy must look like that, pointing to the Folly."

"How I wish I could see them!" "How I wish we could see them!" he murmured—"that we could see them together!"

Perhaps he wondered whether he had said too much. She did not check him, but turned, and moved back toward the drawing-room, her arm within his. "We may see them together," she said, at length. "You will, of necessity, visit Italy; I, of inclination, and we may meet there. I hope we shall know you in after-life. Mr. Raby; but had that there will be little doubt. Everybody will know you, for you will be one of England's famous painters."

They reached the window, and he took her hand in his, though there was no necessity, to assist her over the low step; he kept it longer than he need have done. Not for the first time, by several, had he clasped it in the little courtesies of life. Oh, Raby Raby! can you not see that it had been much better for you to clasp some poisonous old serpent? He did not enter, but turned away.

Lady Saxony was in the room then, in her easy chair which had its back to the window. The tea was on the table, and Miss Saxony began to pour it out.

"My dear," cried Lady Saxony, a simple-hearted, kind woman, "where's that poor painter? I dare say he would like some tea."

"He was on the terrace just now," replied Maria. "He must feel very dull," resumed Lady Saxony. "I fear, child, we neglect him. Send one of the servants to ask him to come."

"The poor painter," lost in the anticipations of the time when he should be a rich one, was leaning against the railings, whence he had stood and gazed abroad with Miss Saxony—the purse she had given him lying in his bosom. In the last few weeks his imaginative, unworldly nature, so sensitive and refined for the uses of common life, that can tell of this intense, pure, etherealized passion, which certainly partakes more of heaven than of earth. He stood there, indulging a vision of his own glowing future. He saw not himself as he was, but as he should be—the glorious painter, to whose genius the whole world would bow. Surely there was no such impassable barrier between that worshipped painter and the daughter of Sir Arthur Saxony.

Alas for the imprudent dream! He was suffering himself to nourish ideas of his fatal ending! Three or four weeks more of his sweet delusion, and then it was rudely broken. Mr. Yorke, a relative of Sir Arthur's, and the heir presumptive of his estate, arrived at Saxony. He had been in Rome, and he had seen the artist, and he had seen the daughter of Sir Arthur Saxony.

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The voice was Sir Arthur Saxony's. Maria paused in her speech, and Mr. Yorke unwillingly retired towards the drawing-room. Raby, in the frenzy of the moment, darted up the end steps, startling her by his sudden appearance.

"Miss Saxony will you answer me?" "Forgive me," he panted, as he laid his hand upon her arm, in his painful eagerness—"forgive me that I must ask the question! Has Arthur Yorke a right to take you from me as he did but now?"

"Of course he has not, Mr. Raby. How can he?" "I mean—pray excuse me—the right of more than cousinship?"

She was half terrified at his parted lips, his labored breathing, his ghastly face, from which suspense took every vestige of color, and she saw that she might not dare to tamper with him; that the kinder course, now, was to let his ambitious dream at rest.

"Well, then," she whispered, "though of course he had not the right to interfere, and it was very bad taste, and I will not submit to his whims, yet—the time may come when he will be to me more than a cousin."

His hand unloosed its clasp of her arm, and Maria Saxony hastened towards the drawing-room. He watched her in, and then, when no human eye or ear was near, he sank upon the cold railings, and a low wail of anguish went forth on the quiet evening air. Too surely, though Maria Saxony might never know it, had the iron entered into his soul.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE BLOW TELLING HOME.

In December, business took Sir Arthur Saxony to London. He paid a visit to the artist Coram, but he did not see Raby. His easel and chair were there, but the former had no work in its frame, and the chair was empty.

"Has he begun the art, or found another studio?" inquired Sir Arthur. "The great painter shook his head. 'He has not begun it. A different art—or power—is claiming him now; one to which we must all succumb—Death.'"

"Death!" echoed Sir Arthur. "He has gone off very rapidly, in a decline, or something of that sort. I saw him two days ago, and I did not think, then, he would last until now. I wonder I have not heard of his death."

"What can be the cause of its coming so suddenly? He was remarkably well when at Saxony. I saw no symptom of decline or any other illness about him the day he came."

"Do you remember my telling you, Sir Arthur, that a blow to the feelings would kill him?"

"Sir Arthur considered. 'I think I do.' 'He has had it, unless I am mistaken. He got it at Saxony.'"

"What do you mean?" inquired the baronet. "I do not understand it,—and indeed it is no business of mine,—but when he came down from Saxony, he had certainly received his death-blow. A suspicion has crossed me whether your lady daughter had anything to do with it."

"Sir Arthur, we are old friends, and I thought only mentioned to you."

"I should like to see him," said Sir Arthur. "Will you go with me?"

"Raby was still alive, but he was getting towards his last day of life. He lay panting on his humble bed, alone. A hectic flush, even then, lighted up his wasted cheek at sight of his father. Sir Arthur, inexpressibly shocked, sat down by him, and took his poor dead hand."

"You have been deceiving to yourself," he asked, "to get into this state. 'I think it was, inherent,' murmured Raby. 'My mother died in a decline.'"

"You have had the best advice, I hope?" Raby made a movement of dissent. "A medical student, whom I know, comes in sometimes. I could not call in good advice, for I had not the means to pay for it."

"Oh, my boy!" cried Sir Arthur, in a tone of anguish, as he leaned over him, "why did you not let me know of this? Half my purse should have been yours, for your mother's sake."

"You should have told me that you had availed me," he earnestly said. "Sir Arthur, it is best as it is, for I am going to her. She has been waiting for me all these years. She told me my lot would not be a happy one. But it will soon be over now," he added, his voice growing fainter; "earthly pain of all kinds has nearly passed away."

"Curious thoughts were perplexing Sir Arthur Saxony as he quitted the scene. If a rude blow to his feelings had indeed caused Raby to sink into bodily illness, and thence to death, and that blow had been dealt by Maria Saxony, how very like it was to retribution for this blow Mr. Raby had dealt out to him! He was a strong man, and had weathered it, but it had left more permanent traces on his heart than he had suffered the world to know. Sir Arthur lost himself in these thoughts, and he turned off as a disagreeable and unsatisfactory theme."

On Christmas-eve he returned to Saxony. After dinner, his two daughters only being at table, he told them of the expected death of the artist Raby. Mrs. Ashton expressed sorrow and surprise. "Mr. Raby died nothing, but her face dropped, and a burning color overspread it. Sir Arthur looked sternly at her. Her head only drooped the lower."

"It has been hinted to me that you tampered with his feelings," he said, in a severely reproachful tone. "Let me tell you, Maria, that the vain habit of encouraging admiration whence it cannot legally be regarded, is a sure way to ruin. No right-minded girl would condescend to do."

"I thought Maria talked a great deal with young Raby," remarked Mrs. Ashton. "Had he been of our own order, I should have interfered; but I knew she could not be serious. He was only a painter. A gentleman once, a gentleman always."

It is impossible for some men to be near such beauty and not suffer from it once in their lives. Maria, vexed and angry with herself for the outburst of feeling had dried away her tears as hastily as they came, and was going on with her dinner with what appetite she might. Sir Arthur went on with his, glancing at her now and then between his eyelashes.

"When did Mr. Raby die?" asked Mrs. Ashton. "I do not know yet that he is dead," replied Sir Arthur. "He was alive when I quitted London, a week ago, but it was certain he could not last, I should have said."

"Did you see him, papa?" continued Mrs. Ashton. "I saw him several times. I—"

"You seemed to be very much interested in that young man, papa," was Mrs. Ashton's interruption. "I was so," quietly replied Sir Arthur. "I looked up to him as to one of a superior order."

"Superior!" somewhat slightly remarked Mrs. Ashton. "Yes; in my opinion. I bow to genius; I respect misfortune. Raby Raby was rich in both. Had I lived, I should have done something for him; as it is, all I could do was to render his deathbed a little more comfortable than it might otherwise have been."

"Does he suffer much?" "I hope not. The doubt was, that he might towards the last. I visited Mr. Janson to come down for a day or two when all was over, and bring the account of his last hours."

"Who is Mr. Janson, papa?" "A friend of Mr. Raby's. A young surgeon, who has been much with him in his illness; very kind and attentive to him. A gay, gentlemanly, pleasant young fellow, never I can assure you, somewhat warmly advised Sir Arthur."

"Papa, I think you evince a great liking for young men!" "Possibly I do, Louisa. The having no sons of my own may have induced it. It is not often, though, one meets with so charming a young man as Mr. Janson."

"Is he a gentleman?" "By birth, do you mean? I never asked him the question. He is one in mind and manners, and that is enough for me. You were always over-fastidious, Louisa."

Maria, meanwhile, said not a word. After the rebuff administered by her father, she could but show a sense of its truth, indeed, her thoughts were too busy to admit of her joining lightly in the conversation. Heartily sorry was she to hear of the death of Raby Raby, and certain qualms of conscience were reproaching her. In the midst of all her vanity and self-love, she had a lingering charm out for admiration, and her interviews with Mr. Raby, she had not lost her heart to him. In point of fact, that vulnerable portion of the human frame was yet intact in Maria Saxony. But she had liked him much. She had admired his happy nature, she had revered his great gift, genius; she had sat most complacently to listen to his softly breathed words, and their scarcely uttered theme, love. It had been very reprehensible. Maria had conveniently ignored that fact at the time, but she was feeling it deeply now. Putting aside her vanity, her consciousness of beauty, her love of admiration, she was a noble-hearted girl; and she was wishing just that she could recall Raby Raby to life, almost at the sacrifice of her own. That she had wrecked his happiness, she had had some cause to believe; but she had wrecked his life—Maria turned all over in a hot glow, and wondered whether she might yet dare to ask God to forgive her.

"Why should some people's nature be so sensitive?" she somewhat peevishly asked herself. "They are not fit to be in the world."

No, they are not. And many a one has had cause to know that truth besides Maria Saxony.

She sat in her dainty dress of white, the jewels shining on her fair neck and arms—sat, in her old favorite attitude, after she went into the drawing-room—leaning back in a fauteuil, her black satin slippers tapping restlessly the carpet. Not so much in petulance, possibly as in sorrow, was that pretty foot moving. Life seemed to her particularly gloomy that evening; as if it were to have no future.

For one thing, she had been vexed by the non-arrival of Arthur Yorke. He was to have spent Christmas at Saxony, they had been with them that day, but a letter, telling of the serious illness of his mother, had come instead. Maria liked Arthur Yorke very well; quite sufficiently well to be grieved at his non-arrival, and to feel it a disappointment. And yet she did not love him. She did not love Arthur Yorke any more than she had loved Mr. Raby. It is a capricious passion, one that will not come for the bidding; and, perhaps, the very fact of Maria's having gathered hints that she was destined to be Mr. Yorke's wife, had kept the love away.

Sir Arthur Saxony had never said Maria, "All going well, I wish you to be the wife of Arthur Yorke." Lady Saxony had never said it. More than all, Mr. Yorke himself had never said it. And yet, that Maria knew that such was her projected destiny, was certain. Sir Arthur Saxony wished it; there was not the slightest doubt that Mr. Yorke wished it; but neither of them had spoken directly to Maria. She was very young, and Sir Arthur, who would not for the world have pushed on such a project against her inclination, had desired of Mr. Yorke that he should not speak at present. "Give her time to get a liking for you first," he said. And the advice was good. But the project had in some way, oozed out, and Maria knew it as well as they did. In fact, there was a tacit understanding that she did not love Arthur Yorke more than she had loved Mr. Raby. It is a capricious passion, one that will not come for the bidding; and, perhaps, the very fact of Maria's having gathered hints that she was destined to be Mr. Yorke's wife, had kept the love away.

Lady Saxony, a confirmed invalid, suffering under an inward complaint, reclined in a fauteuil opposite Maria. Mrs. Ashton, who had always some work in hand for one of the other children, sat at the table between them, doing something to the lace of a little cap, and grumbling at her unconscious nursemaids for having allowed it to get torn. "Have you heard the news about Mr. Raby, mamma?" she suddenly asked.

"Your papa told me," replied Lady Saxony. "What a sad thing that consumption is! But it must have at-

tacked Mr. Raby suddenly. He was not ill when he was here." "Very suddenly," returned Mrs. Ashton, in a marked tone, made tart for the benefit of Maria.

"He never looked strong," resumed Lady Saxony. "He had a remarkably fragile appearance. I used to say so to Maria. Who can that be?"

The "Who can that be?" referred to the signs of an arrival. Wheels had sounded on the gravel, and the hall bell was now ringing. But no one appeared, and the occurrence passed off from their minds.

The time went on to tea time, and the tea waited on the table for Sir Arthur. Never given to take much wine, Lady Saxony openly wondered what would be keeping him in the dining-room. "It is possible that he has with his journey, he may have dropped asleep," she suddenly said. "Go and see Maria."

Maria rose listlessly, and proceeded to the dining-room speaking as she entered it—"Papa, you don't come to tea. We have been waiting for you."

And there she stopped. Seated by Sir Arthur was a gentleman, a stranger to Maria. He rose as she spoke, and stood facing her, a beaming smile on his countenance. A gentlemanly-looking man, young, with a remarkably winning expression of face, and frank manners. Sir Arthur rose also.

"My daughter, Mr. Janson, Miss Saxony." Maria remembered the name Janson in connection with Raby Raby; and not possessing a perfectly accurate conscience on that score altogether, she looked at him as quickly as she could. Sir Arthur followed her, bringing his guest to the drawing-room.

Raby had died the day following the departure of Sir Arthur Saxony from London. He, Sir Arthur, had paid a visit of nearly a week on the road. Mr. Janson waited to bury his friend, and then availed himself of the invitation to Saxony.

"Did he die hard—in much pain?" inquired Lady Saxony, when they had been speaking of him some little time. "Quite easy in all ways," replied Mr. Janson. "He appeared to think he was going to his rest."

[Continued next week.]

## LOVE-MAKING IN CUBA.

### A Very Pretty Picture of the Process—Romance of the Ozotea.

Havana Letter to Chicago Tribune.

Last summer two sisters, who lived immediately opposite—there in that low house—used to come to the terrace nearly every evening at sunset. They were about 18 and 15 years of age, and both very pretty. The oldest, Lola, was a black-eyed, raven-haired beauty, with the well-grown, well-developed form so common among Cuban women and so rare among Cuban men. The youngest, Panchita, was more delicate in make, with chestnut hair and blue eyes—the blue of the periwinkle—and a complexion of the purest white.

There is something peculiarly lovely in a fair-skinned Habanese; the perfect oval of her face; her long almond-shaped eye; the total absence of rose-color in her cheeks, making her face a pale beauty—the blue of the periwinkle—and a complexion of the purest white.

The pretty sisters used to pace the azotea with a nonchalant grace which it was enchanting to watch. Lola, leaning in her mouth, puffing vigorously, both nodding and making signs with fingers and hands to the young people, also smoking, on the roofs around. Sometimes Panchita would indulge in a paper cigarito, and it was very pretty to see the slender fingers hold it, a moment, to the coral lips, and then the little smoke curl up round the delicate little nose!

A week or two passed thus in a few simple salutations and a pretense of taking exercise, when I discovered that a young gentleman, who frequented the roof of that three-story house, was right in the habit of coming to the terrace, and then the little smoke curl up round the delicate little nose!

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# THE HERALD.

WALLACE GRUELLE, EDITOR.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1874.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Wednesday, Jan. 9.

Three jurors were bagged yesterday in the Tilton Beecher case.

Another Cuban expedition is reported to be fitting out in New York.

The annual sale of pines in Plymouth Church (Beecher's bazaar) last night, realized \$70,000.

An explosion of fire damp in a coal mine at Rotherham, England, yesterday, killed ninety men.

The harbor at St. Louis froze solid last night.

Two negroes below at Omaha yesterday.

Two soldiers in their lives, in the morning of the barracks at Ft. Russell, Wyoming Territory, Sunday night.

A married man named King, who lives at Breese, Ill., shot and mortally wounded a Mrs. Broome, at St. Louis, last night, because she refused to desert her husband and elope with him.

O. O. Carr, a St. Louis railroad clerk, killed himself with morphine, last night, to end a drunken spree.

All the business portion of Orangeburg, S. C., was destroyed by fire yesterday morning.

The Democratic New Hampshire yesterday nominated Hon. A. H. Hatch for Governor.

The residence of Newton Hughes, at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, was burned last night, and his mother, sister and her child were burned to death.

W. S. Kelly, aged 68, was caught in the machinery of a flouring mill at Gallatin, Tenn., yesterday, and died.

J. N. Cohen, a Nashville pedlar who has been missing for some time, is supposed to have been murdered somewhere in Robertson county, Tenn.

Dr. C. B. Adams, of Augusta, Ga., was drowned at Graniteville a few nights since.

While waiting for a train to move he unintentionally walked into the canal.

At Dallas, Texas, about midnight of the 31st of December, Maj. J. P. Horbach, of Memphis, and Mr. H. K. Thomas, the agent of the Texas and Pacific railway, two friends, were drinking together and had been playing some game.

Both gentlemen were under the influence of liquor. A difficulty ensued, in which Horbach shot Thomas through the head, the ball entering just above one of his eyes. Horbach was arrested and lodged in jail.

Thursday, Jan. 7.

Eight jurors have been secured in the Tilton Beecher case.

The entire commercial and non-political world of New Orleans, including all the clergy, unite in pronouncing Gen. Sheridan's charge that the white people are banditti, as infamously false.

The bark Assamene, from Pensacola, Fla., for London, was lost at sea, and several of the crew drowned.

Ex-governor R. B. Lindsey, of Alabama, has become a resident of Denver, Colorado.

The old sell about straightening the negro's hair has been revived, and parties are now engaged in certain localities, in the selling of some vile decoction that takes all the hair off and leaves the head bareheaded.

Two white boys on the Gallaher place, near Yazoo, Miss., about twenty years old, got into a fight last Saturday. Their names were Green Stabbed Johnson and Green. Young Green stabbed Johnson with a knife and killed him instantly.

Two youths from Selma, Alabama, named Charles Street and Frank Roach, were arrested at Columbus, Ga., the other night, on the charge of robbing the employers in the former city of \$500, which they were bound for New York "to see the world." \$475.25 was recovered.

Joe Parker, a noted desperado, well known in northern and western Texas, was killed yesterday by the deputy sheriff of Hunt county. The deputy called on Parker to surrender. Parker fired immediately, the ball striking the deputy's head. The latter retained the rifle and Parker's head with buckshot, killing him instantly.

A private dispatch just received at Memphis says a party of citizens who were searching Lee county, Mississippi, for the murderers of the Borum family have arrested four negroes, one of whom confessed the crime and said that there were six negroes concerned in the tragedy: that they first shot and killed Borum, his wife and the negro boy, and then fired the house in a half hour, and then shot and killed two children, and locking the door to prevent their escape.

M. L. Murray, agent of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, from Georgia, was shot and killed at the Brown House Thursday night by taking laudanum.

Friday, Jan. 8.

One thousand troops sailed from Cadix, Spain, last Sunday for Cuba.

The requisite number of jurors in the Tilton-Beecher case were obtained yesterday.

Drunkard Zach Chandler has been nominated for the U. S. Senate by the Republicans in the Michigan Legislature.

Haribal Hamlin has been renominated for the U. S. Senate by the Republican caucus of the Maine Legislature.

A negro woman in Pitt county, N. C., recently gave birth to a child, one white, the second mulatto, and the third black as a tarkin.

A little dandy in Rome, Ga., stole a cake from his grandmother's oven, and was whipped for a whipping he ran away. He was found four days later, and died next morning.

Mr. Charles Albright, of Columbia, S. C., while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity yesterday afternoon, shot himself in the head with Colt's navy pistol—a portion of the brain being carried away. He lingered until about 12 o'clock last night, and then died.

He leaves a wife but no children.

Mr. Harvey Grover, who lived near South-point, Weston county, N. C., committed suicide a few days ago by hanging. There seems to have been no cause assigned by his friends why he should have committed the fatal deed.

Mr. Grover was about forty years old. He was a married man, and had two or three children.

A colored man named Lucas shot another named Lawyer Weaver Sunday morning early, near Dennick's Mills, Ga., on the Central railroad, about six miles from Augusta. It is said Weaver had been living with Lucas' wife for the past few weeks, and that he was with her in his room when Lucas put a gun through a window and shot him, killing him instantly.

It has now been ascertained from a reliable source that Cohen, the missing Polish pedlar from Nashville, was robbed, murdered and his body buried out back of a house, by the county authorities. His horse and wagon were sold by order of the county court, which will appoint an administrator of his effects. His papers, accounts, etc., were all found on his body, but the money and valuables were missing.

Saturday, Jan. 9.

Hugh McDaniell, a steamboat captain, was murdered at Point Pleasant, W. Va., last Wednesday, by Wm. Weitzel. McDaniell had been criminally intimate with Weitzel's wife.

A sad accident occurred near Blackhawk, Wisconsin county, Tenn., Saturday, during Christmas, which resulted in the death of Wm. Barr, of Kentucky. Mr. Barr and Mr. J. W. W. (Barr) were out hunting, and seeing a squirrel run into a hole thought to run him out, and for that purpose Mr. Barr knocked against the tree with the butt-end of his gun, which caused it to fire, and the charge of shot entering the breast of the unfortunate Barr, causing death. The parties were brothers-in-law.

The negroes in the vicinity of Citronelle, Ala., have adopted a new mode to prevent stealing and other species of crime among their element. A few days ago two or three of them were suspected of stealing and they were caught, tied to a tree, and after being compelled to acknowledge the stealing, they were severely whipped by the leading negroes. There were plain marks of intimidation, and food for the "investigating committee."

Ed. Roof, of Tate county, Miss, made an arrangement to have an egg race, and one of his tenants, George Hunt, colored, had been hired to come up before day and walk him up and help him to make it. At three o'clock Roof was awake, and concluded he would have some fun out of Hunt, so he got up, took his

shot-gun and went down to his cabin, and, and shot at him, and he fell, and he died, and he was buried. He then opened Hunt's door and poked at him with his gun, and he died, and he was buried. He then opened Hunt's door and poked at him with his gun, and he died, and he was buried.

Miss Mollie Carter, of Charlotteville, Va., came to an awful death in this manner: On Saturday night she returned to her father's house, and took a lamp to retire to her room. As she crossed the passage a puff of wind came through the passage, causing the lamp to go out, and she was in the dark.

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Tenn., has accepted a call from the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Bowling Green.

The jail at Burlington, Boone county, a brick building erected in 1854, was destroyed by fire on Monday night. It was set on fire by a prisoner named Thomas Kirkpatrick.

Robertson county boasts of a goose twenty-three years old, which raised two goslings this last spring, while her owner has made several large pillows from the feathers plucked from her goose.

A child was born last week in Nelson county, in the neighborhood of Bloomfield, to a Mrs. Guthrie, without arms, having well-formed hands protruding from each shoulder, and with its mouth located on the right side of the face, below the jaw-bone.

William Dickson, near Beech Grove Church, Owen county, was hauling with an ox-team, and had an overload. The dumb brute, relating to pull, he piled a load of fodder upon the ox and burnt him alive. A similar fate would be too good for the fiend.

Elder R. T. Meyers, a minister of the Christian Church in Mason county, dropping with a young lady from Harrison county, and was married to her at Aberdeen, Ohio. The bride's father is said to be a Bourbon county farmer of wealth, and has a long pedigree and positive character; and he is said to have declared his intention to disinherit his daughter.

A son of Mr. Pat Quinn, of Mason county, while hunting on Wednesday last week, was accidentally shot by his brother, and killed.

The boy killed was working in the rear of his brother, who had the gun on his shoulder. The gun by some accident was discharged, and the little fellow receiving the entire charge in his head.

At a trial in a magistrate's court near Plum Point, Fayette county, recently, the plaintiff, a negro, was told that he must swear to his statements before he could be heard in evidence. The old dorky hesitated for a moment, but straightening himself up said: "Massa I 'se posed to swear, but massa I 'se not so."

A drove of 28 Cattle, sheep, all in fine order, ad belonging to Hon. Geo. W. Craddock, of Franklin, was killed on Monday, December 28. It is supposed that they have either been butchered for the home market or driven off at night to a distance and sold.

The Taylorville Lodge, F. and A. M. issues the following: This notice is to inform the public that V. E. Anderson, formerly a member of this lodge, has been found guilty of gross immorality, and is expelled from the lodge. The lodge is hereby notified that it is the duty of all members to uphold the honor and purity of the lodge, and to exclude from its ranks any member who is guilty of such conduct.

The Grangers of the Eighth District, have instructed their Representative, Hon. M. J. Durham, to insist upon the following points: First—We demand that the 5-20 bonds be paid in greenbacks. Second—that the national bank system be abolished. Third—that equal taxation, including bonds and all other securities alike. Fourth—we ask the cooperation of all other Grangers in the district, State and United States.

An unknown man was found dead near Hanson, Hopkins county, last Monday. The circumstances attending the fatal accident are unknown, but it is supposed he set fire to a sleep, and lying down by the fire went to sleep, and it burned in two and fell on him. He was thought to be a tramp. There was nothing about him to give the faintest clue to his identity.

A suspicious-looking stranger, giving his name as Louis Ross, was arrested in Shelbyville the other day as a suspected burglar, but nothing being found against him, except that he had the marks of a burglar, he was released. He has since brought suit in the sum of \$10,000 for damages done his character against the judge, prosecuting officers, and the town of Shelbyville, for having his interests in the hands of the attorney.

Dr. H. A. M. Henderson, Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been invited by the National Superintendent's Association to address that body at its annual convention, in Washington City, January 28. He also goes to Nashville to address the State Teachers' Association of Tennessee on the evening of January 21, upon which occasion the Legislature will be in session.

At the residence of Mr. Benham, on the Beech Fork, Washington county, on the 23d of December, a fatal accident occurred. One of the young men while smoking dropped a coal upon a paper containing two pounds of powder, and an explosion followed, and the body of the young man in the room at the time, four were badly burned. Miss Josie Benham received injuries of so serious a nature that she died on Saturday last.

Mr. Bobbitt was very severely lamed, and his recovery is doubtful. An infant child of Mrs. Bobbitt, which she held in her arms at the time of the occurrence, escaped unhurt.

The case of those Lexington city officers, principally members of the City Council, which was brought before the Federal Court at Louisville some time ago, and was taken there to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, was set for trial in that court on the 6th instant. It was postponed, however, to the 12th of April.

Hickner, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, employed as counsel by the city, is in Washington attending to the case, together with Hon. Mr. Standberry.

We are of the opinion that our old friend, Judge McMANAMA, knows a little more law than is healthy for the continued existence of the Court of Appeals. It looks as if he labors under the impression that he has been awarded the contract for performing all the work which properly falls to the share of Appellate Judges. When the notion takes him, he pounces on a decision of the Court of Appeals, like a jay-bird on a June-bug, and reverses it before one can say "Jack Robinson." And he makes no more ado about declaring a constitutional provision unconstitutional than CROCKETT SAYERS does about pulling the beam at three hundred pounds. We pray McC., to stay his rash, innovating hand. The Court of Appeals and the State constitution are relics that have so far bid defiance to the corroding tooth of time, and we would be grieved to see them stricken down by the all-conquering arm of the Old CAMPEADOR of the Kentucky judiciary.

THE demands of the lecture field upon the time of Bro. Geo. W. BARN being so great, he has been compelled to surrender the editorial charge of the *Temperance Advocate* to Bro. N. F. THOMPSON, the efficient G. W. S. and Tr. Bro. THOMPSON has a head full of brains, is an earnest, forcible and logical writer, and will keep the *Advocate* in the front rank of the temperance reformation.

A MAN in Giles county, Tennessee, saw a wheelbarrow for the first time in his life, the other day, and he thinks the necessity for him to join a church in order to get to heaven no longer exists.

## OUR POLITICAL CREED.

We are not of the latter-day, new-light Democracy. With its principles are principles, and expediency as values less as the dust beneath our feet. When principles are to be sacrificed for the sake of victory; when immoral, drunken and otherwise objectionable men are to be selected for places of profit and trust, and men of character, standing and ability are shoved aside, because of the supposed or actual popularity of the former among the rag-tag-and-bob-tails; when whisky and money has to be used to achieve success at the polls; when all or any of these things occur, we step down and out of the canvass.

Neither our voice, vote or paper can be used in such warfare. With us, our political faith is a religion, and we will always endeavor to guard it from impurity as we guard the faith upon which rests the salvation of our soul from the contamination of infidelity. That is the reason why we disdain to publish a strict party paper. We have no idea in advance of the course our party leaders will pursue. They are not to be trusted. They are all expediency people. They have gone into the very heart of the enemy's camp and taken their "chief among ten thousand," their SAUL, the life-long and unrelenting enemy of our party and its principles, and foisted him upon us as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. And now they are endeavoring to steal from the Republicans their principal gun, and are seeking to inductinate us with the virus of inflation. We'll have none of this. We would just as soon call ourselves a Republican, and advocate Republican principles and support Republican candidates, as continue holding on to the name of Democrat and advocate principles and support candidates that are Republican in reality, only adopted for the nonce, and used in the hope that the enemy may be deceived and a victory won before they discover the ruse—use them as hunters use wooden ducks to decoy the real fowl.

We believe in the principles taught by JEFFERSON and MADISON and MONROE, and practiced by JACKSON. They embrace the true theory of republican democracy. They are as immutable as the laws of nature. They are worth living for and dying by. Ever since the moment the Democracy began to cut loose from them their fortunes began to wane. We have tried the dodge of expediency often enough and long enough. We have suffered by our folly as much as we ought to suffer. We cannot afford to continue a losing game. The time has arrived for a return to first principles. And unless we do return to them let's have as little as possible to say about "Democratic principles." Such talk, the way things are going, is worse than mockery. It is as if BRUTES, with his foot upon the bleeding body of CÆSAR, were to pronounce an eulogy upon the virtues of the man he had just murdered. Whatever we do, O Democrats, let us not become hypocrites as well as traitors to our principles.

GEN. GORDON's advice to the people of Louisiana is good. The Administration is endeavoring to goad them into armed resistance to its odious tyranny. A dignified submission to the wrongs it is heaping upon them will prove a defeat more sore to the President and his co-conspirators against the political life of a sovereign State, than would fifty reverses on the foughten field. Their hope is to bring about an armed conflict, and then, under the cry of a revival of the rebellion, enlist the sectional sympathies of the North—now being estranged from them—again on their side, and thus perpetuate themselves in power. This is their game. This alone they are striving for. Quiet submission to any and every outrage that may be heaped upon them by the people of Louisiana will defeat it. Let there be no resistance.

MADISON county is putting on airs because it contains the remains of Boonesborough, Boone's Gap, and a rock on which is carved the initials "D. B." About a mile from the town of Sharpburg, in Bath county, and the south bank of Stoner creek, there stood—and may stand yet—an old beech tree, on which the name of Daniel Boone—he spelled it "Boon"—was carved nearly a hundred years ago, by the great hunter's own hand, and Bath doesn't think enough of the relic to mention the fact.

Military dictation is the undisguised attitude of the Administration towards the people of Louisiana, and Generals SHERIDAN and DE TROBRIAND have been fitted selected to carry out the scheme of oppression. Thank God, all such actions as that of the Federal soldiery in the Louisiana House of Representatives are milk driven to the head in the coffin of Radicalism.

## OUR SPIRITUAL NEEDS.

What the world wants is not a new religion but a return to the old religion—the one our SAVIOUR preached and died for—the one that is ultimately to bring salvation to the peoples—the one that has been abandoned of men almost since the moment of the foul and cruel murder of CHRIST on Mount Calvary.

We have too many religions now—such as they are. There is not one in the whole long catalogue of religious beliefs that will stand the crucial test of the Bible. They are, one and all, more or less of the earth earthly. Their principles, or doctrines, are the creation of men—smart and pious men they be—but still men. "Preaching CHRIST and Him crucified" is an incidental instead of an essential of our modern religions. What does a dying soul care for sprinkling or immersion or pouring, for infant baptism, for works and faith, for creeds and disciplines or catechisms, for sectarian names and quarrels? He wants the manna direct from heaven, that will feed and keep life in his soul forever.

We are not a seceder at and despoiler of the religions of the world. There is much good in all of them; and also much of evil. They befog and bewilder, by their eternal clashing of doctrines, where they should all be light-houses to guide to havens of safety. We never knew of a protracted debate between ministers of opposing sects on the doctrinal difference between their respective churches, that did not work devilish evil in the community, where it occurred. Both sides would claim the victory. The adherents of the several debaters would zealously stand by their champion, estrangements and quarrels and heart-burnings would spring up between friends and neighbors, and we have known even the members of the same family divided among themselves. The victory in all such contests really belongs to the Devil.

CHRIST blazed the path to heaven, and he made it narrow. Doctrinaires have endeavored to macadamise the road, have widened it out, until it actually requires a chart and compass to travel it with safety. There would be no such danger were we to follow implicitly the lights of the Gospel of JESUS. Love of God and our fellow-men, repentance of our sins, the precepts of what we call the "Golden Rule," and the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, are all the guides we need. They contain all of the doctrines and divine law that we want. If we square our lives in this world by them, we will fit ourselves for the inheritance of eternal life in the world to come. Men's doctrines must be purged from our religions, and CHRIST'S Gospel substituted, or we will all give SATAN as much work as he can stand up under some day.

OUR PAPER.

There is no good reason why a readable newspaper cannot be gotten up as well in a country village as in a city, while there are many good reasons in favor of the project. If the editor is lazy or incompetent, then it will be impossible for him to get up a paper worthy of support anywhere. We do not claim for ourselves any particular advantage over our confederates of the country press. We only claim that we were bred to the business of newspaper making. We have filled every position on a paper, from that of "devil" in a country office, through the various grades of compositor, pressman, mailing-clerk, associate editor, and editor-in-chief of several prominent and leading dailies. Our experience at the business began prior to the day when the telegraph became the servant and news-bearer of the press. We think we know what the reading public demands, and our only ambition is to make for it a readable paper. We offer the people of Ohio county THE HARTFORD HERALD. It is for them to decide whether they want our paper.

WHEN Texas doctors disagree, they sharpen their bowie knives, mender to the edge of town, and fight it out on that line. As they know exactly where to carve the human anatomy without producing fatal results, they hew away like sixty for awhile, and then, covered with blood and gaping wounds, they make the quarrel up, shake hands, walk arm-in-arm to the nearest dogger and take a drink, dress each others wounds, and ever after enjoy the reputation of being two of the gamest men between the sulphur factory and the iron works.

A ROMANTIC story reaches us from Germany of a plucky American girl who fooled the faculty of a famous medical school over there, by putting on male attire and attending the lectures, after having been refused admittance when she made application in her woman's gear.

## A MILITARY BUBBLE.

An epoch of war always palms off some spurious hero upon the muse of history, and his name in consequence finds a place in the chronicles of the nations: while poets and novelists, lacking historical data to work upon, invent nightmarish exploits to which they marry his name—not d-ring to use that of any one who has carved out an honorable fame with his sword, knowing that detection of their imposture would be certain—the people catch up the song or story, it becomes popular, and after awhile is accepted as veritable history. Thus base fables, in time, pass current for genuine fact. These heroes of the minnesingers and storytellers are lucky dogs, in that they earn their chaplets so easily.

The histories of the old world are full of such characters, and, since the collapse of our own civil war, American history can parade a right goodly share. Notorious among these—indeed his name may safely be placed at the head of the list—is General PHIL. H. SHERIDAN, who has won himself longer and more jingling spurs than any carpet-knight of them all. How? Simply by winning and dining into the ears of a not overly conscientious newspaper correspondent a fabulous story of an imaginary ride "where danger hung in the murky air, and death besuaded the way." The story was published as fact in the New York Herald, when it caught the eye of the poet-painter, the late BUCHANAN READ, who at once seized pen and pencil, wrote one of the most stirring ballads of the war and painted a picture that made him yet more famous, and SHERIDAN was the hero of both. And yet that break-neck ride through the Shenandoah Valley, "on to Winchester town," while the legions of STONEWALL JACKSON were a-march on every road never occurred. Not a bit of it—not a bit of it; no more than our excellent friend, Judge GREGORY, mounted a streak of greased lightning yesterday, and rode to Beaver Dam in the twinkling of an eye! And yet, were we to publish so preposterous a statement as fact, we would not miss the truth a hair's breadth more than the poet did when he heroized PHIL. SHERIDAN. We chanced to know something about SHERIDAN during the late war. We know he was sent out to "PAT" THOMAS bearing instructions from the War Department to the latter, and those instructions were to put "LITTLE PHIL" in command of the cavalry corps attached to the Army of the Cumberland. The grizzly old hero of Rossville Gap, whose iron legions stemmed and turned back the tide of disaster to the Federal arms that set in on Chancellorsville's fearful field, obeyed his instructions to the letter, and turned over the cavalry to the "famous rider." The consequence was, that in six weeks' time the cavalry of the Cumberland was the most disorderly, disciplineless mob that ever essayed to wear saber and carbine. THOMAS would not stand that sort of thing, and SHERIDAN was hustled back to the eastward faster than he came, for those gentlemen from the army of the Potomac were slow travelers when their faces were set to the southwest. There was a deal of hard fighting down there, you see. If SHERIDAN was ever guilty of an exploit, brilliant, or even moderately so, during the war, it has entirely escaped the eyes of impartial historians.

But he has performed a couple of brilliant deeds since the war—deeds that will wed his name to infamy so long as the world shall stand. He burned up a small-pox hospital that contained a score or more of helpless Indian patients, down with that frightful scourge. And the other day, at New Orleans, he caused a subordinate to enter the legislative halls of Louisiana, while the House was in session, and remove therefrom six members, whose only offense was—they were Democrats. And he did not stop there, but he called upon the President to proclaim the white people of that long-suffering and terribly abused State "banditti," and give him free rein to ride them down as he pleases. We hope that the next time the President gets drunk he



**THE HERALD.**  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
IN THE TOWN OF  
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.  
—BY—  
**JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,**  
AT THE PRICE OF  
**Two Dollars a Year in Advance.**  
Job work of every description done with  
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a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage  
of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is  
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Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year,  
in advance.  
Should the paper suspend publication, from  
any cause, during the year, we will refund the  
money due on subscription, or furnish sub-  
scribers for the unexpired term with any paper of the  
same price they may select.  
Advertisements of business men are solicited;  
except those of saloon keepers and dealers in in-  
toxiating liquors, which we will not admit to our  
columns under any circumstances.  
All communications and contributions for pub-  
lication must be addressed to the Editor.  
Communications in regard to advertising and job  
work must be addressed to the Publishers.  
THE HERALD Printing company consists of  
WALTER GRIFFIN, Editor, JNO. P. BARRETT,  
Business Manager, and JOHN L. CASE, Foreman  
of Newspaper and Job Office.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1875.  
JNO. P. BARRETT, Local Editor.

Sleet yesterday morning.  
Prayer meeting to-night.  
Good Templars lodge to-morrow night.  
Mite meeting at Mr. W. C. Chapman's  
Friday night.  
Lizzie Collins, a negro woman aged 108  
years, died at Cardville, on the 3rd inst.  
The county Assessor begins his listing  
to-day.

Just received, a fine lot of prints, at 8  
cents, at  
E. SMALL'S.

The boys and girls have been enjoying  
"ladies of fun," for several days past, in  
skating.

Miss Emma Haynes will please accept  
the thanks of the HERALD "press gang"  
for her kindly present of Saturday.

The child of a colored couple named  
Hathaway, in Daviess county, was smothered  
to death in bed one night last week.

The Louisville packets will hereafter  
leave Owensboro at 10:30 o'clock every night.

Mr. Wm. Robertson, of Daviess county,  
had four daughters and one son to marry,  
all during the same week, recently.

Intemperance and exposure caused the  
death of Andrew Helmer, at Owensboro,  
Thursday night.

The cold snap of the latter part of last  
week was a godsend to the ice-harvesters.

Nearly all of our lawyers hied them off  
to Calhoun last week, where the circuit  
court is in session.

Twelve degrees below zero was the  
register of the thermometer Friday night  
at 12 o'clock. It registered nine degrees  
at daylight Saturday morning.

Sim. King, the driver of the Hartford  
and Beaver Dam stage, had both feet  
severely frost-bitten during his return trip  
Saturday afternoon.

Saturday, a brakeman on the down  
train from Louisville, was discovered,  
when near Muldraugh's Hill, to be very  
nearly frozen to death. It took some  
time and a deal of rubbing to restore the  
circulation.

A protracted meeting under the auspices  
of our Baptist friends, will be inaugu-  
rated in the course of three weeks. The  
resident pastor, Elder Swindler, will  
conduct the meeting, assisted by Elders  
Coleman and Peay.

The regular stated meeting of the M.  
Church, South, will be held next Sat-  
urday and Sunday. It is hoped and ex-  
pected that all the members of the church  
will be prompt and regular in their at-  
tendance.

Our local editor, who is "a limb of the  
law," was absent for several days attend-  
ing the Calhoun court, and left his de-  
partment in charge of the "Devil," which  
will account for its unusual excellence  
this week.

The Mite Society met for the first time  
this winter, on Friday night, at Dr. Z.  
Wayne Griffin's. A goodly number of  
young people attended, and we passed a  
very enjoyable evening. Mr. Elijah Wil-  
iams was elected custodian of the mites,  
and had the pleasure of pocketing a neat  
little sum. The society will meet next  
Friday night at the residence of Mr. W.  
C. Chapman.

**To Whom It May Concern:**  
The members and friends of the Hart-  
ford congregation of the Methodist Epis-  
copal Church, South, are hereby earnestly  
requested to meet at the Methodist  
Church in Hartford on next Saturday  
evening, January 16, at 7 o'clock, as busi-  
ness of importance to said congregation,  
as well as to the community will be trans-  
acted.  
B. A. CENDRE, Pastor.  
January 11, 1874.

The first number of THE HERALD was  
issued on the birthday of our charming  
little friend, Miss Lizzie Walker. That  
night she entertained her little playfellows  
with a candy pulling, and, as we had also  
selected the auspicious occasion as the  
natal day of our paper, she sent us next  
morning a charming little letter and lot  
of candy of her own pulling. The letter  
and the candy won our affections. We  
are now Miss Lizzie's sweetheart.

Mr. Sam. K. Cox, our worthy county  
clerk, had a streak of bad luck last week.  
Two marriage licenses were returned to  
him endorsed, "No property found." The  
gals "flickered" in both instances. Sam.  
doesn't know what to make of it. The  
fact is, he uses the Bolling form. They  
were never known to stick. If he will  
get us to print his license blanks we'll  
warrant that half the young people in the  
county will get married before the Fourth  
of July.

**Ascended.**  
William Wilson, who lived near Ros-  
sine, in this county, was indicted by the  
last grand jury for adultery with a widow  
woman named Turner. Wilson confessed  
judgment, and was fined \$150. Wilson  
being a man of property, the sheriff con-  
fided in his word that he would return to  
town on last Monday and pay his fine.  
The sheriff was called away from town,  
and left the necessary papers with the  
county clerk to fix matters up when Wil-  
son presented himself. But Wilson failed  
to come to time. Instead of keeping his  
word with the too-confiding officer who  
let him go home instead of locking him  
in jail, he loaded up a wagon with his  
household goods and the widow Turner,  
and struck a bee-line for Tennessee.

**Larceny of a Gun.**  
Thursday night, at Beaver Dam, a  
shotgun was stolen from the store-room  
of Samuels & Barber. A man named  
Allen, who resides in the neighborhood of  
Crownell, and who was in Beaver Dam  
on a spree with two other men, offered to  
steal a gun of the description of the one  
stolen to another party, that night or  
next morning. This fact coming to the  
ears of Samuels & Barber, they swore out  
a warrant against Allen, and he was ar-  
rested during the day Friday by town  
marshal Blankenship, of Beaver Dam.  
His examining trial before police Judge  
Cooper, of that place, was to have been  
held Saturday, but Allen's attorney, E.  
D. Walker, Esq., of our town, obtained a  
change of venue to Hartford, and the ac-  
cused was brought to town late Saturday  
evening and lodged in jail. He was  
brought before Judge Gregory Monday,  
but the party to whom he offered to sell  
a gun, not being in court, the county at-  
torney asked a postponement for a couple  
of days in order to secure his attendance.  
The request was granted, and the exami-  
nation postponed until to-day. In de-  
fault of bail the accused was remanded to  
the custody of the jailer for safe keeping.

**Why Not?**  
It does seem to us that a community  
abounding in literary talent like that of  
Hartford, could afford a literary society  
or club. Our professional gentlemen are  
above the average intellectually, many of  
them are capital debaters, and all of them  
good writers. We have many ladies who  
can and do write charmingly. Our young  
people growing up are studious in their  
inclinations and habits. Literary culture  
is a saving grace to any people. Ignorance  
is the hot-bed of crime and immorality.—  
Crime is almost unknown to cultivated in-  
tellects, and vice scarcely ever obtains a  
hold on an enlightened mind. By forming  
ourselves into a society, to meet one  
evening in each week, and debate ques-  
tions, read sketches, essays, poems, etc.,  
we not only could pass the time pleasantly,  
but profitably. We would improve  
and instruct each other, while we instruct  
and amused those who come to hear us.  
Why not organize a Lyceum? What  
say you, everybody?

**Attempt to Burn out of Jail.**  
Our county jail at present contains two  
inmates—Chinn, charged with horse-  
stealing, and Allen, accused of the larceny  
of a gun. They occupied what used to  
be known as the "debtor's room." Sunday  
about noon, Mrs. Wise, the wife of the  
jailer, heard a noise in the room that  
aroused a suspicion that the prisoners  
were attempting to escape. She called  
Mr. Wise's attention to the noise, and he  
promptly repaired to the room occupied  
by the two men, gun in hand, and de-  
manded to know what was up. Both  
pleaded ignorance of anything unusual.  
Allen was standing at the window evi-  
dently on picket duty. Chinn was seated  
at the fire and threw something he held  
in his hand behind the grate as Mr. Wise  
entered the apartment. The jailer asked  
him what he was doing there. He replied,  
"I was measuring to see how far down  
this hole goes." "What was you measur-  
ing it with?" "A straw," was the reply.  
A quick glance around the room showed  
him that a small iron rod that had been  
fastened on the ceiling for some purpose  
was missing. Presenting his gun at  
Chinn, he demanded to know what it was  
that he threw behind the grate. The pris-  
oner declared that it was nothing. Mr.  
Wise assured him that he would shoot  
him if he did not produce whatever it was.  
Chinn said that the jailer would not bear  
fooling with, and fished out the missing  
rod of iron. An examination of the pris-  
oners disclosed the fact that the prisoners  
were engaged in burning the casement,  
with the heated iron, around where the  
ends of the bars that secure the window  
were fastened in it. Of course he removed  
everything from the room that could be  
put to a like use, and left the prisoners to  
dream of the liberty they had begun work-  
ing to attain a little too early in the day.

If Andrew Johnson had trampled the  
constitution under foot like Grant; if he  
had been guilty of one half the crimes and  
usurpations of power that have covered  
Grant's administration with infamy; he  
would have been unceremoniously deposed  
from office by the Radical Congress that  
upholds Grant in his delirium. He came  
from the wrong side of the Ohio.

If Mr. Buchanan Read were alive to-  
day, he could blush over his rhyming dis-  
grace of the Phil. Sheridan.

**Andy Johnson on Sheridan.**  
Nashville Special, 7th, to the N. Y. Herald.  
I have just had a talk with ex-Presi-  
dent Johnson on the Louisiana imbroglio.  
His response to interrogatories propounded  
to him, was to the effect: "The action of Genl.  
Sheridan in ejecting the Louisiana Legis-  
lature is a piece of high handed usurpa-  
tion and as such ought and will receive  
the condemnation of the whole country.  
It is a subversive civil to military power.  
It is an unwarrantable and ungenerous  
departure from the organic law upon which  
our republican government is founded.  
This is a matter to be looked upon  
from our sectional standpoint, but entire-  
ly in a national light. There is but one  
grave fault staring us in the face, and that  
is embodied in three words, 'unwarrant-  
able usurpation of power.' The false  
step taken by President Grant and Sheri-  
dan has no precedent in the history of our  
Government." Sheridan attempted to  
create the same sort of devilment in Loui-  
siana when I was President, but I at  
once cut short his riotous and unwise  
and reckless proceeding by personally re-  
moving him, by order of August 25, 1867,  
from New Orleans to Fort Leavenworth,  
and turned his command over to General  
Hancock, who, on assuming command,  
issued a proclamation or paper which was  
satisfactory to the whole country, prop-  
erly setting forth that the military was  
subservient to the civil law, all of which  
was a direct opposition to Sheridan's pol-  
icy. General Hancock's policy won the  
respect of the people, and with the de-  
parture of Sheridan all agitation ceased  
and peace reigned. As to the removal  
of Sheridan that General Grant and  
myself had a warm controversy, in  
which it was believed by the whole  
country that I got the better of him.  
My Cabinet were astounded to remove  
Sheridan from the office he held in the  
military reputation. Some of them  
thought it would never do to take such a  
stand. The Cabinet was divided on the  
proposition; but I told them that if it  
turned the Government upside down  
Sheridan nor any other General should  
survive the civil war and trample it  
ignominiously under foot. There is a par-  
allel case to that which has just occurred  
in Louisiana. It happened in Tennessee  
in July, 1866.

"Many of the members of the Legisla-  
ture here had absented themselves. Genl.  
Holmes was induced to make applica-  
tion to General Grant for authority to  
aid in organizing the Legislature, which  
was refused. I had no authority or power  
whatever to interfere, the State having  
exclusive jurisdiction over the matter,  
that to interfere would be a usurpation of  
power, placing the military above the  
civil authorities, and in utter contempt  
of the constitution and the laws. The  
consequence was the affair was not long  
after settled by the state authorities, and  
there was no more trouble. People in  
the South should act discreetly. Regarding  
the Louisiana usurpation Mr. Johnson  
said that Grant and Sheridan should  
be temperate in all they say and do, and  
the people should look to the North and  
West to come forward and aid in the res-  
toration of the government and constitu-  
tional authority. The whole country is  
justly indignant, and Louisiana will  
have her wrongs righted."

**SHERIDAN'S FORMER REMOVAL.**  
The following is the dispatch referred  
to regarding the removal of Sheridan:  
WASHINGTON, August 25, 1867.  
"Major General P. H. Sheridan will at  
once turn over his present command to the  
officer next in rank to himself and  
proceeding without delay to Fort Leaven-  
worth, Kan., will relieve Major General  
Hancock of the command of the Depart-  
ment of the Missouri."  
ANDREW JOHNSON.

**Secretary of War ad interim.**

**The Old Story.**  
A Lexington correspondent of the Cour-  
ier-Journal furnishes the following resume  
of the facts attending the murder of Shaw  
at Lexington by young Holloway. It will  
be seen that it is but a repetition of the  
old story, that dissipation—the throwing  
away of good name, reputation, life itself  
—was at the bottom of it all. Holloway,  
belonging to a wealthy family, and being  
tried at Lexington, was, of course, admit-  
ted to bail.

The event of the last week has been the  
shooting of Joseph Shaw, at the St. Nich-  
olas Hotel, by a young Holloway, and his  
subsequent trial and recognition on a  
bail-bond of \$5,000, called for by R. G. Bur-  
ton, of Richmond, and Mr. Belinger, his  
brother-in-law, and a Mr. Lyne of Hen-  
derson, as his sureties, to answer at the  
next term of the Fayette Circuit Court.  
The tragical death of Shaw, who, un-  
derstanding his faults, was a general  
favorite, because of his amiable charac-  
ter, his good-natured wit and his cool  
and collected bearing, excited a feeling of mingled surprise and  
regret. It was difficult to identify such a  
character with the unfortunate actor in  
such a scene. On the other hand, Robert  
Holloway, a young man not yet arrived  
at the years of maturity, was not ably  
represented by a scurvy woman calling herself Fran-  
kie Stetson, about whom they had a dif-  
ficultly months ago, and who appeared in  
court and swore that Shaw had repeatedly  
threatened the life of Holloway, the  
last time on the very day of the shooting,  
and that she had communicated the men-  
ace to him orally and by note. Her testi-  
mony regarding the threats was corrobor-  
ated, by another of the same frail sister-  
hood. It was also proved that Gus.  
Shaw drank freely during the day, and  
that when he entered the saloon and saw  
young Holloway there he went out, and  
arriving himself with a pistol, returned  
after which the shooting occurred. But  
I will not dwell further on this unhappy  
theme.

**Mark Your Tools.**  
You can easily mark your name upon steel  
by a process called etching. Coat over the  
tools with a thin layer of wax or hard tallow,  
by first warming the wax and rubbing on it  
with your finger; then dip the tool in the  
acid; when it is done and let it cool.  
When hard, mark your name through the wax  
with a graver and apply some aquafortis  
(nitric acid); after a minute wash off the  
acid thoroughly with water, warm the  
metal enough to melt the wax, and wipe it  
off with a soft rag. The letters will be found  
etched into the steel.

Happy are the families where the gov-  
ernment of parents is the reign of affec-  
tion and the obedience of the children the  
submission of love.

The violet grows low and covers itself  
with its own tears, and of all flowers  
yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is  
humility.

**POPULAR INDIGNATION.**  
**Immense Indignation Meeting in New York.**  
New York, Jan. 11.—The indignation  
meeting held in Cooper Institute to-night  
to denounce the outrages against the po-  
litical rights of the people of Louisiana  
was one of the most remarkable events of  
the kind ever witnessed in this city, in  
point of numbers and enthusiasm. The  
doors were open half an hour before the  
usual time. The rush was terrific, and  
at a quarter past seven room could not be  
had in the great hall.

**THE MEETING CALLED TO ORDER.**  
August Belmont called the meeting to  
order, and proposed Mayor Wickham as  
chairman.

**DISPATCH FROM GOV. McENERY.**  
Mr. Wickham took the chair and said  
he had just been handed a dispatch from  
our suffering brethren in the South, and  
he asked their attention to it:  
"Louisiana sends greetings to night—  
Her people will not be goaded into con-  
flict with the United States troops. The  
committee is preparing evidence to refute  
the slanders of Sheridan. We rely on  
the moral support of our sister States to  
restore to us, as American freemen, our  
right of self government." [Immense ap-  
plause.]

The reading of the dispatch, which  
was signed by John McEnery, Governor,  
and other officials was followed by im-  
mense applause.

**MR. CULLEN BRYANT** then addressed the  
meeting. He said:  
The President has no right to inter-  
meddle in the affairs of a State, save in  
two cases, first to protect the State from  
our suffering brethren in the South, and  
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**JOHN P. BARRETT.**  
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and Real Estate Agent,  
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.  
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# THE HERALD.

THE BALLAD OF BREAKNECK.

BY MISS M. C. FICK.

The sun shines out on the mountain crest:  
Far down the valley the shadows fall;  
All crimson and gold is the glowing west;  
And wheeling and sporting the eagles call.  
The good ship rides with a sailing sail;  
The sailors are singing, "Away! away!"  
We must stem the tide ere the north wind fall;  
The night and the breeze brook no delay."

The young mate lingers upon the strand  
Near a dusky maiden with flushing cheek;  
In his broad brown palms he holds her hand,  
And eager and low are the words they speak.  
"Weep no, Nekama; I shall return;  
Wait for me on the mountain side;  
When the moon in its autumn glory burns,  
I shall come again to claim my bride."

Slowly the Indian lifts her head;  
Dry is her cheek, clear her eye;  
"Nekama will wait as thou hast said;  
The son of the pale face cannot lie.  
Seeking the sails on the stream below,  
Under the shade of the tall pine tree,  
When the beeches are gold and the samaras  
Glow."

From the mountain-top I shall watch for thee."

The sailors are calling; the broad sails flap;  
From his neck Dirck loses his great gold chain.  
Flings the gleaming links in Nekama's lap;  
Then springs to the shallop's stern again.  
The stout hands bend to the rowers' will;  
Till the small boat reaches the vessel's side,  
When he turns to Nekama, smiling still,  
Said, but calm in her savage pride.

Sails the ship under high Cro' Nest,  
Wearing and tacking in Nekama's Reach,  
While Dirck looks back with a man's unrest,  
And Nekama lingers upon the beach.  
Fades the sails to a distant white speck;  
Looms the mountain hazy and tall;  
Dirck watches still from the vessel's deck,  
And the girl moves not, though the night-dews fall.

No year has passed, and upon the hills  
Secret and must have faded to brown;  
A sound is heard but the flowing rills;  
The summer's voices are hushed and gone.  
The late sail crow on a bare beach top  
Caves and swings in an autumn wind;  
The dead leaves fall and the autumn's drop  
Breaks the stillness and scares the bird.

Wrapped in her blanket Nekama stands,  
Sees the horizon with eager eye,  
Late he lingers. She clasps her hands,  
And a sad sigh from her wide dark eye.  
Fades the sails to a distant white speck;  
Looms the mountain hazy and tall;  
Dirck watches still from the vessel's deck,  
And the girl moves not, though the night-dews fall.

"He comes! he comes!" From the wigwag  
Gather the braves and squaws again;  
The men are decked with arrow and spear,  
And the women of wampum and feathers vain.  
Fleeced is the river with light canoe;  
Laden with gifts for the welcome guest;  
The spoils of the chase let him freely choose;  
Close to the ship are the frail barbs pressed.

Brown and still as a bronze relief,  
Shyly Nekama keeps her place;  
Behind her father, the Mohawk chief,  
Who, plumed and tall, with a painted face,  
Grasping a spear in his nervous hand,  
Looking in vain one face to see,  
Turns and utters his proud demand:  
"Dirck! Branden comes not; where lingers he?"

"Dirck stays in Holland," the sailors say;  
"He has wedded a dame of wealth and state;  
He sails no more for many a day—  
God send us all like happy fate!"  
Dark grows the brow of the angered sire;  
Can the white man lie like a Huron knave?  
The eyes of the maiden burn like fire,  
But her men is steady, her words are brave.

From her bosom she drags the great gold chain;  
Dashed at the captain's feet it lies;  
"The back to the traitor his gift again;  
Nekama has learned how a pale face lies!"  
Proudly she steps to her light canoe;  
Bends her paddle at every stroke;  
The graceful back o'er the water glides,  
Nor wist they a woman's heart had broke.

Up the mountain Nekama hies;  
Stands in the place of shade again;  
Scans the scene with her wide wild eyes;  
Moans like a creature in mortal pain.  
The dark cloud crowd round the mountains  
Peak;  
Cave the crow on the boughs o'er head;  
The great limbs bend, and the branches break—  
"Ah, why do I live? He is false!" she said.

A shriek is heard through the gathering storm;  
A rushing figure darkens the air;  
Out from the cliff springs a slender form,  
And a maiden's grief lies buried there.  
Towers the gray crag firm and high;  
Drips the blood from its rugged side;  
Loud and shrill is the eagle's call;  
O'er the muttering wash of the angry tide!

But the storm king to old Cro' Nest,  
Where the pine-trees wave the hoarse  
crows call,  
Though the Mohawk sleeps 'neath that rocky  
crest,  
While the leaves on his ruined altars fall.  
To-day on the Hudson sailing by,  
Under the shadow of Breakneck Hill,  
We tell the legend, and leave a sigh,  
Where Nekama's memory lingers still.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### The Debit and Credit Account.

No one can pursue a business intelligently and profitably without carefully kept debit and credit accounts. With these accounts carefully kept, the farmer can by yearly balances see just what he is doing. If the account is too heavy on the debit side, the farmer can see just where he is tending, and will by this information be influenced to take a new track, and recover himself before he has gone too far.

Now, January is here, and we advise all who do not do so before to open an account with the farm and its operations. Here are the items that should be:

### CHARGES AGAINST THE FARM.

Interest on the capital invested, at the usual rate, 10 per cent.  
The taxes.  
The depreciation in value from exhaustion.

The interest on the capital invested in implements, farm machinery and the stock employed to work the farm.  
The depreciations in value of these from use. This item can be estimated by the average length of time these articles last by good use.  
The value of manures and seeds, and of the materials for repairs and improvements.

The interest on these until returns are had on their use.  
The cost of all labor, both of the owner and his hired help, at the rate he pays for help.

The actual cost of board for his hired help.  
All female labor employed in the production of butter, cheese, etc.

CREDIT THE FARM WITH:  
All its products, both that sold and that consumed by the family.  
The enhanced market value of the farm.

Permanent improvements.  
The rent of the dwelling-house.  
We can not too strongly urge the importance of a knowledge of just how our affairs are going. If the facts, which will be brought out in these accounts each year, show that we are on the down

grade, we shall be prompt to call a halt, and earn inquiry as to what to do. If it should be found by comparing notes with our neighbors that exclusive corn-growing was the cause of our trouble, we should take a new track. If it should prove to be an attempt to grow wheat, or any other special crop that caused the failure, we should cast about to see just what our farms, and our locations to markets, require that we should do.

Friends, we repeat again what we have often said in the Farmer: information about our business, and upon kindred topics, lies at the bottom of success. Success was never secured without it, except in rare cases of force of circumstance. We must, above all, have reliable information about our business affairs, and how can we have it, except we carefully collate it, and compare it, and weigh it? Open your accounts on the 1st of January. Keep the accounts. It will prompt you to look carefully after the little details, and save much that is now wasted.—*Indiana Farmer.*

### A New Horse Disease.

A correspondent of the Farmers' Home Journal writes thus of a new disease among horses near Harrodsburg, Ky.

The first cases at occurred in Mercer county at Mr. T. C. Coleman's, and at R. E. Coleman's of Fairview Stock-farm; and both gentlemen lost several valuable animals during the summer. Success was never secured without it, except in rare cases of force of circumstance. We must, above all, have reliable information about our business affairs, and how can we have it, except we carefully collate it, and compare it, and weigh it? Open your accounts on the 1st of January. Keep the accounts. It will prompt you to look carefully after the little details, and save much that is now wasted.—*Indiana Farmer.*

The disease appears to be a kind of distemper, which first effects the horse's throat and nose, and if not arrested in time, progresses into the lungs, when it is then considered as past all cure. The distemper is much more violent and fatal than the old, well-known distemper that effects all young horses, and is also considered much more troublesome than epizootic, although not so contagious. Mr. A. S. McCann has, within the last few weeks, lost several fine horses from this disease, and has others in treatment. The only remedy yet tried by these gentlemen which appears to be followed by any beneficial results is a very strong croton oil blister applied to the throat, which, in most cases, has been attended with speedy relief and ultimate cure. The first symptoms of the disease, as Mr. McCann states, is the horse's manifest desire for water and inability to swallow. Said he: "I observed a horse of mine standing in a branch for some time, frequently putting his mouth to the water, but never swallowing any. This going to the branch and trying to drink was repeated for several days before I noticed a swelling in the throat, when I immediately began the blister treatment, and in twenty-four hours the horse was able to drink, and is now nearly well."

The disease differs from ordinary distemper in several respects, and is no more contagious in its nature, as it attacks young horses or colts as well as the old work-horses or brood-mares. It has not made much progress in this county as yet, but appears to be slowly progressing through the northern portion.

### Treatment of Winter Apples.

When the apples are put away in the cellar, many think the work is done, except bringing them out again to eat; but it is a mistake. They should be carefully overhauled every two weeks, the specked ones picked out and used, while the sound ones will keep the longer. I never take offense at having a dish of apples set before me that have been washed off nicely and the decayed specks cut out. It rather impresses me favorably with the good judgment of the host and hostess who offered them. These are usually quite ripe and good. All varieties that have a tendency to shrivel, when in barrels or boxes, should be laid on the ground in the cellar on some clean straw or a little dry lime strewn upon the ground will prevent their getting anything so unsightly as shrivel. If not all are ripened up quickly by bringing into a warm room a few days before needed. With all the destruction of the borer, I do hope the time is not far distant when a dish of nice apples will ever be a part of the entertainment of the long evenings of winter, when we have a faint recollection of years gone by, but no longer ago that we almost forgot how it went.—*Rural World.*

Hitherto it has been the custom to consult only in a partial degree the wishes or necessities of the farmer in the matter of political contests, but, thanks to the grange movement, a better day has dawned, and will be seen by the following which we copy from a recent issue of the Lexington Daily Press: "We have no disposition to find fault with the (Ky.) State Central Committee, believing it to be composed of gentlemen anxious to do what is best for the people of the State generally, and not unmindful of the interests of the Democratic party; but we think the objection of the Courier-Journal to the time set for the calling of the gubernatorial convention is well taken. It is a pity to see the candidates agog for a policy in that in May the farmers will be more busy than in the previous months, and more than will have much difficulty in attending the convention. We think it will be admitted that the farmers have an interest in the gubernatorial nomination, and will take an active part in it. If any one is foolish enough not to believe it, he will have his eyes opened about the time the convention meets."—*Farmer's Home Journal.*

### THE GRANGERS.

Items Gathered from Various Sources, that are of Interest to the Farmer-Brotherhood.

A "Grange Land and Immigration Company" has commenced operation in Arkansas.

The directors of the grange warehouse at Delavan, Wis., announce the reports of extravagance in its management and misappropriation of funds a malicious slander. It was shown at the Iowa State Grange that there were now 2,000 Grangers in that State, an increase over last year of 162, and that 109 smaller Granges have been consolidated with others.

In May, 1866, the first Grange was organized in Washington city. The next was that at St. Paul, Minnesota, six years ago. Now there are more than 21,000 Granges, with a membership of 1,300,000. Cherokee County Council, Texas, urges Patrons everywhere in the cotton-growing States to ascertain as soon as the ginning season is over, how much cotton has been put up at each gin, and report the statistics to the National Grange, in order to put it out of the power of speculators to control the price of cotton to suit themselves.

The Monthly Bulletin of the National Grange, for December, 1, says that the increase of new granges for November was 364, and the total number organized up to that time was 21,572. The Bulletin also gives the times of meetings of State Granges yet to be held, as follows: Arkansas, fourth Wednesday in January; Color

ado, second Tuesday in January; Kansas, third Tuesday in February; Georgia, third Wednesday in January; Illinois, second Tuesday in December; Iowa, second Tuesday in December; Maine, second Tuesday in March; Massachusetts, second Tuesday in December; Michigan, third Tuesday in January; Nebraska, third Tuesday in December; New Hampshire, December 15, New Jersey, January 19; New York, second Tuesday in January; North Carolina, third Wednesday in February; Ohio, second Tuesday in March; South Carolina, third Wednesday in February; Tennessee, third Wednesday in February; Virginia, second Wednesday in January; W. Virginia, second Thursday in Jan.; Wis., Jan. 5.

A lady of Walnut Creek (Kansas) Grange put a rod in pickle for the men—some of whom are not slow to urge the women to more active participation in grange affairs—and here is to her credit: "There has been a great deal said in the grange about women not doing their part in working or talking. As for work, the women do more than the men, for at home they have the work to do in the house, and a large share of the men's work, such as planting corn and setting out hedge; and, if they have a walk or garden, I am sure they have to build them, and are laughed at about their work. In fact, the farmers' wives and daughters do all kinds of work, except to plow, and they can't hold the plow! As for talking, grange men have here to say that when we get done there is no time for us, and they have to write a little pretty thing called an essay, and which they often ask to see, and then they will put it in their coat pocket and lose it, if they can, for they know it is better than they can do."

The journals inimical to the Patrons of Husbandry had no chance to put in the effect around the election of an individual officer here and there. The wonder really is that so an extensive organization should have escaped with so little of fraudulent endeavor. In relation to the defalcation of the State treasurer, Quinten, of Missouri, the Executive Committee, which has lately closed its session, has deposed the defaulter; officer; has taken mortgages upon everything he has, and claim that they will eventually recover all the money which had gone into his hands—about \$20,000. There will be no criminal prosecution, but the treasurer's salary will be withheld until he leaves his penitential. The chairman of the committee States that during the week they have contracted with Eastern manufacturers for a great quantity of farming machines and implements at wholesale prices for the use of the Missouri Patrons next spring.—*Western Rural.*

### THE WIND'S WHISPER.

BY A. D. H.

The Fire was talking in his sleep. Do you know how that could be? Listen, don't you hear the faint little crackle, that delicate snap under the big log? But this is an old-fashioned fireplace, where the pile the great logs on one another, and then the blaze goes leaping and roaring up the chimney, carrying all the heat with it, 'tis true. But that has nothing to do with my story. If the Fire had been asleep, it would not have been so indiscreet as to tell what it did. And what do you think that was? Why, all about what Santa Claus had been putting into those little stockings by the chimney. Fortunately, there was no listener but the big pig Shell that lay on the hearth. The shell listened, and then moaned and sighed, till the Fire opened one little red eye and then snapped out: "What is the matter, Shell? Why do you moan and sigh?" "Ah," said the Shell, "you were talking of the merry Christmas Eve, and it made me think of the last night I was on the seashore."

The Shell sighed again, and the Fire opened another red eye, saying: "Tell me about it."

"You never saw the sea," said the Shell, dreamily. "You do not know how the white waves dash against the rocks, and how the wind can howl over the waters. You cannot think how grand and awful, and yet how beautiful, is this sea. The last time I saw it the waves were half asleep and the moonbeams danced among the ripples. Ah! it was on that Christmas Eve."

"How did you know it was Christmas Eve?" asked the Fire, sleepily, for it was dozing again.

"The Wind told me so," sighed the Shell, and the Fire turned gray and went quite to sleep. The Shell felt lonely, and wished itself back by the dear old sea. He sighed so mournfully that the Wind heard it and stole down the chimney, softly, that it should not wake the Fire. It crept into the moaning Shell and kissed it so lightly and lovingly that it brought back the sea-side memories more vividly, and the poor, lonely Shell sobbed like a tired child.

"Why are you sad, pretty Shell?" asked the Wind.

"I was lonely, so lonely," answered the Shell; "the Fire does not know my dearest, and can not tell me of the things I love. But I am not sad now, dear Wind, for you are here to comfort me. Tell me one of your pretty stories, as you used to do among the rocks by the sea."

The Wind hummed a little song, and kissed the shell again before it commenced. "Do you know that to-night is Christmas Eve? It happened a long, long time ago. 'Where was it?' In a far off land, one that you never saw; it is far on the other side of the sea you love; it is a beautiful land, I think, and I have heard men say that the dear All-Father loved it well. 'Do I think so?' Yes, I do, for the hills and valleys of that country are what was never seen elsewhere. Let me tell you what it was. I had kissed all the flowers goodnight, and peeped at the dear little birds asleep in their nests, and then I went to sleep among the hills. After awhile I waked. It seemed that I heard once more the song of the morning stars. You have seen the sun coming up from behind the sea, with his flaming banners and quivering beams of light, but you never saw such a sight as I did that night; for the Angel of the Lord came down, and the glory of God lighted up the land. Then there came a throng of angels down from heaven, and they sang together till all the land was filled with melody, and the glorious harp rose to the very stars. Oh! it was like that mighty song that rose when the earth was pure and fresh, when all things sang praise to Him that made them."

"Sing you the song of the angels?" "I can not, dear Shell; only God's angels can sing it, but I might their words and remembered them."

"Glorious to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

Once more the Wind kissed the Shell, and then soared upward into the gray dawn of a Christmas morning, carolling: "Glory to God in the highest."

Through the window crept the rays of the morning sun, whispering gently: "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

### HALCYON HOURS.

There was no flock in all the blue  
Of that happy day on the bosom of the sea,  
And, wave by wave, the waters drew;  
Or seemed to draw, a peaceful breath;  
A blessed calm was on the shore,  
A rapturous glow upon the sea,  
The trouble of the world was o'er,  
And life's unrest had ceased to be.

The anguish of the tortured breast,  
The bitter pangs of doubt and fear,  
These were but phantoms of the past,  
That made the sunshine triply dear;  
The gleaming hills of tear-dimmed eyes  
There were no longer tears to fill;  
Sorrow was lost in glad surprise—  
It was not sadness made as still.

The life of that one hour to live,  
That one to hold, the rest to lose  
We were content, the rainbow clouds might give  
The future all its rainbow hues;  
A tender joy was all our own,  
Naught else had in it a place or part—  
Love's dream, and here to lose it  
The chords of rapture in the heart.

And when the hard awakening came,  
The dream had faded from the sleep;  
Our lives are brighter for the flame  
That, 'twixt heaven and earth, we keep;  
The angels of the hours we knew  
For ever radiant we behold,  
As those the monkish painters drew  
Smile out of solid heavens of gold.

### The Style at Washington Weddings.

The English fashion has become universal in Washington in wedding-dress. Groomsmen are done away with, and ushers take their places. As these last are essential to the number of eight, the supply of suitable and available young men would be exhausted if eight more were necessary as groomsmen. Besides the effect around the election of an individual officer here and there. The wonder really is that so an extensive organization should have escaped with so little of fraudulent endeavor. In relation to the defalcation of the State treasurer, Quinten, of Missouri, the Executive Committee, which has lately closed its session, has deposed the defaulter; officer; has taken mortgages upon everything he has, and claim that they will eventually recover all the money which had gone into his hands—about \$20,000. There will be no criminal prosecution, but the treasurer's salary will be withheld until he leaves his penitential. The chairman of the committee States that during the week they have contracted with Eastern manufacturers for a great quantity of farming machines and implements at wholesale prices for the use of the Missouri Patrons next spring.—*Western Rural.*

### A Minister Drunk at the Communion Table.

Cincinnati Special, 25th, to Chicago Tribune.

There was a stunning sensation to-day in one of our high-toned Episcopal churches (St. John's) on the occasion of the Christmas services. The Rev. C. D. Davidson, died recently, and his place has not yet been supplied. To-day another minister, of Covington, had been secured to officiate. Unfortunately, the latter gentleman had partaken rather freely of egg-nog before going to the church, and, worse still, when he got there he dived into the jug of communion wine, drinking long and often of the rich juice of the grape. He managed to get through the formal services decently, but by the time he commenced on his Christmas sermon, the mixture of egg-nog and wine had so worked upon his brain that he was badly "off" and wandered sadly. He rambled around, jumping from one topic to another in such a way that all could see that the man was drunk. At last, when the thing became unbearable, the Warden gave the signal, and the congregation, a small one, got up quietly and left with dignity, leaving the minister to talk to empty benches.

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

### ALONZO TAYLOR,

Fashionable Barber and Hair Cutter,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Shop, on Market street, two doors north of the Crow House.

### L. J. LYON.

Dealer in  
Groceries and Confectioneries.  
HARTFORD, KY.

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Groceries and Confectioneries, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of goods.

### COUNTRY PRODUCE.

I will also pay the highest cash price for hides, sheep pelts, eggs, butter, bacon, poultry, beans, etc.

GEO. KLEIN, JOHN M. KLEIN.  
GEO. KLEIN & BRO.  
HARTFORD, KY.

Dealers in house furnishing good, for general kitchen and table use.

We keep constantly on hand, the celebrated  
Arizona Cooking Stove,  
Seven sizes for either coal or wood. House-keepers are delighted with its superior cooking and baking. It has no equal anywhere. Call and see for yourself.

### TINWARE.

All kinds of tinware made and repaired on short notice.

E. SMALL'S  
HARTFORD, KY.

Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,  
Gents and boys custom made

### CLOTHING.

A No. 1 stock of  
BOOTS AND SHOES,  
HATS AND CAPS,  
FURNISHING GOODS,  
CLOAKS, BLANKETS,  
FURS, NOTIONS, &c.

I also keep a large and well selected stock of  
Ladies' Dress Goods,  
Sold at New York Prices.

All kinds of  
COUNTRY PRODUCE  
Bought at the highest market price.

### WM. F. GREGORY.

(County Judge.)  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office in the courthouse.

JESSE E. POHLER, W. F. SWEENEY,  
Hartford, Ky. Owensboro, Ky.

FOGLE & SWEENEY,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice their profession in Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office on Market street, near courthouse.

JOHN C. TOWNSEND,  
(Formerly County Judge),  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice in all the courts of Ohio county and the circuit courts of the 5th judicial district. The fees collected and prompt attention guaranteed.

JOHN P. BARRETT,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
and Real Estate Agent,  
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Will buy, sell, lease, or rent lands or mineral privileges on reasonable terms. Will attend to listing and paying taxes on lands belonging to non-residents.

F. P. MORGAN, G. C. WEDDING,  
MORGAN & WEDDING,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

(Office west of courthouse over Hardwick & Nall's store.)  
Will practice in inferior and superior courts of this commonwealth.  
Special attention given to cases in bankruptcy.  
F. P. Morgan is also examiner, and will take depositions correctly will be ready to oblige all parties at all times.

HENRY D. McHENRY, SAM. R. HILL,  
McHENRY & HILL,  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice in Ohio and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.

D. H. FRENCH,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.  
Will practice in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties.  
Will buy, sell, lease, or rent real estate or mineral privileges on reasonable terms.

E. D. WALKER, E. C. HUBBARD,  
WALKER & HUBBARD,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.  
Will practice in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties.  
Will buy, sell, lease, or rent real estate or mineral privileges on reasonable terms.

E. P. BARNETT,  
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Would respectfully announce to the people of Ohio county that he is prepared, at all times, to do any kind of surveying, running lines, laying off lands and lots, &c., at short notice. Terms reasonable and to suit times.

J. F. COLLINS  
DEALER IN  
GROCERIES, COFFEYONERIES,  
&c., &c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE  
Bought at  
The Highest Market Price.

Remember the place, west side public square, opposite the court house, Hartford, Ky.

JOSEPH VAUGHT,  
BLACKSMITH,  
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All kinds of Blacksmithing done in good style and at the lowest price for cash only.

HORSE-SHOEING.  
made a specialty. Will shoe all round for \$1.25.  
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WM. HARDWICK, A. T. NALL,  
HARDWICK & NALL,  
DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS,  
BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE,  
QUEENSWARE, &c.

Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange for country produce, paying the highest market price.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN,  
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Dealer in  
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,  
Fine Toilet Soaps, Fancy Hair and Tooth-Brushes, Perfumery and Fancy Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces,

Garden Seed.  
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Staffs,  
Letter-paper, Pens, Ink, Envelopes, Glass, Putty, Carbon Oil, Lamps and Chimneys.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

### Notice.

The Ohio Co. council, P. of H., will meet at the Court-house, in Hartford, on the 25th day of January, 1875, at 10 o'clock a.m. All delegates are expected to attend, as there will be important business to attend to.  
J. W. BARNETT,  
Secretary, pro tem.  
By order of  
STEPHEN WOODWARD, G. & P. O.

B. P. BERRYMAN,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Fashionable Tailor,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Coats, Pants and Vests cut, made and repaired in the best style at the lowest prices.  
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THE CROW HOUSE,  
Opposite the Courthouse  
HARTFORD, KY.

VAUGHT & HUDSON, PROPRIETORS.  
Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

STAGE LINE.  
Vaught & Hudson also run a stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & Southwestern railroad. Passengers set down wherever they desire.  
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JAS. A. THOMAS, GEO. A. PLATT,  
JAS. A. THOMAS & CO.  
HARTFORD, KY.

Dealers in staple and fancy  
DRY GOODS,  
Notions, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. A large assortment of these goods kept constantly on hand, and will be sold at the very lowest cash price.

J. P. BARRETT, J. L. CASE, W. GRUELLE,  
JNO. P. BARRETT & CO.,  
Newspaper, Book,  
AND  
JOB PRINTING,  
Corner Court Place and Piccadilly street.  
HARTFORD, KY.

All orders promptly executed. Special attention given to orders by mail. Write for a price list.

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JOHN P. TRACY & SON,  
UNDERTAKERS,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of wooden coffins, from the first true wood casket to the cheapest painted coffin.  
All kinds of coffin trimmings constantly on hand and for sale.  
Keep a fine hearse always ready to attend funerals.

Wagons and Buggies,  
constantly on hand or made to order. Particular attention given to plow stock.

not 1y

J. F. YAGER,  
Sale and Livery Stable,  
HARTFORD, KY.

I desire to inform the citizens of Hartford and vicinity that I am prepared to furnish Saddle and Harness Stock, Buggies and conveyances of all kinds on the most reasonable terms. Horses